

Holmes County Republican.

J. CASKEY, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE—Washington Street, Third Door South of Jackson.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance

VOL. 5.

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1860.

NO. 10.

Business Cards.

WHEELER & STEINBACHER, 1860
J. CASKEY, Editor and Proprietor.

E. STEINBACHER & CO.,
Produce & Commission
MERCHANTS,

Dealers in
Wheat, Corn, Oats, Seeds, Dried
Fruits, Butter, Eggs, Wool, &c.
M. M. SPEIGLE, Agent,
MILLERSBURG, O.
May 21, 1860—41

BAKER & WHOLE,
Forwarding and Commission
MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN
SALT FISH, PLASTER, WHITE
AND WATER LIME.

WAREHOUSE, MILLERSBURG, O.
Sept. 18, 1856—41.

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Residence at the corner of
Main and Third Streets, near
the University of the City of New York.
Fredericksburg, O., Sept. 20, 1860—41.

JOHN W. VORHES
Attorney at Law,
MILLERSBURG, O.

OFFICE, one door East of the Book Store,
April 12, 1858—41.

G. W. RAMAGE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
HOLMESVILLE, OHIO.
Residence at the corner of
Main and Third Streets, near
the University of the City of New York.
Fredericksburg, O., Sept. 20, 1860—41.

J. E. ATKINSON,
DENTIST,
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

IS NOW PREPARED to furnish to order all
the different kinds of Artificial Teeth, from one to as
many as desired. Office on Main Street, two doors east of
Dr. Belling's office, up stairs.
June 8, 1860—41.

DR. S. D. RICHARDS,
LOCATED in Berlin, Holmes county, Ohio, will
attend to all calls proper to his profession.
April 12, 1860—41.

DR. T. G. V. BOLING,
Physician & Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.
THANKFUL for past favors, respectfully
tenders his professional services to the public.
Office in the room formerly occupied by
Dr. Irvine.
April 15, 1858—41.

DR. EBRIGT,
Physician and Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.
Office on Jackson Street, nearly opposite the
Presbyterian Church.

BENJAMIN COHN,
DEALER IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING
Of all Descriptions.
COR. OF JACKSON & WASHINGTON STS.
MILLERSBURG, O.

LAKE & JONES,
DENTISTS,
Wooster, O.

CASKEY & INGLES,
DEALERS IN
Books & Stationery,
MILLERSBURG, O.

To the Public.
A. WAITS, having purchased Weller &
Jensen's Improved Sewing Machine, is still on
hand to sell on the best terms. He also repairs
all kinds of Sewing Machines, and can recom-
mend the best now in use, for all purposes.
CALL AND SEE IT OPERATE.
Above Jones & Co.'s Auction Room.
Sept. 20, 1860—41. A. WAITS.

PLAIN & FANCY
JOB PRINTING
Of all kinds, neatly executed
AT THIS OFFICE.

EAGLE BLACKSMITH SHOP!
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

JOHN JORDAN,
Has opened a new Blacksmith Shop on Main Street,
between Third and Fourth Streets, near the
University of the City of New York. He has
in his line of business on a short notice, reason-
able prices and in a
Workmanlike Manner.

Fashionable Tailoring
A. S. LOWTHER is carrying on
the tailoring business in all its various
branches in Rooms over
MULVANEY'S STORE.

His experience and taste enable him to re-
nder general satisfaction to those for whom he
does work, and he hopes by industry and close
application to business to receive a liberal share
of patronage.
ALL WORK IS WARRANTED.
His prices are as low as it is possible for
men to live at.
Millersburg, 1860—41.

Select Tale.

THE WIDOW
—OR—
The Old Jew Broker's Secret.
A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

He looked like an old clothesman, but he was only a broker—a broker with a bad character, and what that must have been, when it was had for a broker, we leave to imagination and Johnson to define. He was reputed the hardest man of his trade; and, as men of that trade are popularly supposed to be electrical machines, worked by flints, not hearts, a supremacy of flintiness must have left him a fearful conglomerate. He was a withered old man now, almost double with age and Rheumatism, with a hooked nose, and light brown eyes, red round the lids, and a strange mixture of surliness and suspicion in his face. He looked a cross between a maslin and a weasel, which he was, in character as well as countenance. No one had a good word to say for him. The publican at the corner was sure there was something queer in a man who did not take an honest glass like the rest, and the baker looked down on him because he ate seconds on principle. If a distress was to be put on miles round the neighborhood, they prayed that it might not be by old Joe Mappin, of Holborn Buildings. One woman said she'd leave her children were afraid of him, and screamed if he came near them, unless they were impudent and mocked him. But to the little ones he was the District Bogle; and 'Old Joe Mappin' stood in Holborn Buildings, scaring the riotous small fry of the gutters, for 'the black man' of more civilized nurseries.

Everybody said the man had a secret. Some thought he was a corner and went to look at the body or grave. Others again said he had a mad wife locked up in the garret, or straw; but none knew exactly what they thought, excepting the broad fact that there was a secret somehow; and of course, it belonging to him, a disgraceful one; he could have nothing but villainy to conceal; said the inspector to Policeman X, 82.

Why the report arose of his having a secret in his life was, because evening after evening he was seen stealing in the dusk from his garret along Holborn towards the West End. No one knew where he went to, though more than one longer had set out to follow him; but somehow the old man always contrived to escape, doubling through the streets in such a quick and unexpected manner, that however it was done, he invariably got away. All sorts of plans had been made to track him, but they all failed, every one of them; and the broker's secret was a secret still. Little Teddy, his landlord's boy, came the nearest to the discovery, but he lost him at last somewhere up in the New Road, near Regent's Park, though that was a good measure to have taken, too. Moreover he saw that Joe was decently dressed beneath his shabby old cloak—a thing no one else would wear; and from that time the report had got about that it was a love affair, with some mysterious celebrity, and that Joe was buying a wife with his gold; for 'he had a Californy-waltz,' said his landlord's little boy Teddy.

One evening Joe set out, as usual, with his shabby old cloak and battered old hat, but well enough beneath. He walked cautiously at first, hobbling, as was natural to him now, with his rheumatics so bad, but after he had passed through his particular quarter, turning round constantly, as if to cough, but in reality to see if any one were following, he walked briskly on, cutting through all sorts of queer alleys and by-places, winding and doubling like a fox; the best topographer in London could not have followed him. At last he came to a very pretty house in Regent's Park—a house evidently inhabited by a gentleman of fortune, as well as of taste; for all the appointments were in such perfect keeping, and there was such a wealth of costly simplicity about it as could only belong to both of these conditions. The broker looked up at the window as he came beneath it, and a little girl of fourteen or fifteen—but slight of her age—leaning out from among the geraniums, cried, an answer to his look, 'why Joe, how late you are to-night!'

That sweet voice! The old man used to say himself, that he would not exchange his 'Joe' for a good 'fippen' note! He nodded to her affectionately, and carefully scraping his shoes went in with the air of a man who knows that he will be welcome. He took off his hat and cloak and put them away in a dark corner, and then clean and respectable looking, he went up stairs to the drawing room.

A lady, still more beautiful and still young—young at least for the mother of a child of fifteen—was sitting there, embroidering. Surrounded with every beauty and every luxury—nestled in that lonely home, like a bird in a golden cage—how strange the chance which had thrown together anything so graceful as that lady and the old Jew broker. Yet they were well acquainted; that they were even friends; for she rose when he entered, and advanced towards him kindly and shook hands with him, and drew forward the best easy chair for him, and patted him only as a woman can pat, without any visible over-act. But all that Joe seemed to wish for was to sit a little, and watch her as she bent over her embroidery, and to hear again that sweet and embowered happy.

'Are you certain, sure, that you want for nothing?' inquired Joe; not Miss Margaret neither!

'Nothing, Joe, nothing,' and the sweet lady looked up affectionately, as if she had spoken to a father.

'That's enough, that is all I want,' muttered Joe, and then he went back into the lobby of his quiet meditation, watching the lady's face, and every now and then glancing round the room, as if to see that

all was right, as to find out where he could alter and improve. After this had gone on for a short time, Joe Mappin asked for Margaret in an uncouth way, strangely softened, like a maslin partly mesmerized.

The lady rang the bell and Margaret came. It seemed to be the usual way in which she was summoned when the broker was there, for she came at once, without giving the servant time to call her. She also showed the most unaffected gratitude and love for the old man, running up to him and taking his hand calling him 'Dear Joe' as if she meant what she said.

'And there is nothing that the little lady wants!' said Joe, patting her head and rubbing down her curls. 'Has she grown and blossomed enough, lady! for you know she has but to ask and have.'

'Why Joe, I don't wear such a frock in a week!' said Margaret laughing; and it was only last Tuesday that you gave me that beauty, though I hadn't yet half worn my blue silk.'

Joe Mappin drew her between his knees and held her face in his hands. 'Silver and gold isn't good enough for you both!' he said with almost a passion of fervor in his voice; never stint yourself for fear of me.'

But they both said again that they had all they could require, 'even if they were princesses in a fairy tower,' Margaret added; and when this assurance had been repeated to almost a wearisome number of times, Joe Mappin was content, and relapsed into silence again. And there he sat till the last rays of the sun had gone, and candles had been brought—there was the finest wax, you may be sure—a peculiar expression of tenderness on his maslin face, as he was reading a sweet chapter lovingly—listening to a noble song admiringly. And then when he was quite muffled up in his greasy old cloak, as he and corn, had lobbied rheumatically when he came near his own quarters.

This was the broker's secret, and this was its history.

About fifteen years Joe Mappin, almost an old man even then, was called to seize the goods of a certain Thornton living at the West End. The Captain was one of those gay, reckless, lovable men, who by dint of sheer animal magnetism, lived for years on credit, and only brought to account when it becomes a matter of life and death to some of the poorer creditors, those creditors are sorry for their debtor, as if they were themselves going to the Queens Bench, and accusing themselves bitterly—tender hearted at least—for the trouble they are bringing on him. Joe Mappin the hardest of his profession, the iron hearted, grasping broker, who was believed not to have a single human feeling, even he was touched by the gallant frankness, and gracious manner of his victim, and as for his wife, that noble, patient, glorious, woman, with her little one her arms—something rose up in his heart for her which he had never felt in his life before.

It was an infinite yearning worship, such as he had read of in novels of the libraries he had seized, but which he always thought trash, and the mere mouthings of author fools. He felt now, for the first time, that there was such a thing in the human heart as Love—the love of beauty, the love of virtue for pity's sake.

Captain Thornton was carried off to the Queen's Bench, and after a short term of imprisonment died suddenly of apoplexy. He had lived too freely and taken too little exercise; and being one of those fair haired men of sanguine temperament, who require abstinence and more, who love idleness and luxury, he had met the fate any medical man would have predicted. His wife and child were thus left alone in the world and penniless. The broker had never lost sight of them. Gifts from an unknown hand, money, clothing, and even food had kept Mrs. Thornton from want—all the more welcome, as by her manner she had displeased her relatives, who perhaps are not sorry now to avoid maintaining her. When the Captain died then Joe Mappin came forward openly. He told her he had lived an Ishmaelite life, without pity and without love; he told her how she had roused feelings in him—feelings of reverence for humanity, such as he had never known before; and the old man bowed himself before her as to a superior being, and besought of her the privilege of maintaining her and child.

He wanted nothing, he said, but to know that they were happy, and sometimes to hear them say so. He had not a relation in the world to whom he could leave his money—no one that they would wrong by taking it; he had hoarded because it was his nature to hoard; but he never knew for what end he had saved. Now he should have saved for Heaven, if he would accept her life on these easy terms. They were not hard, and if she objected to this going to see her, he would not. Indeed, indeed, it was her happiness, and that sweet baby's—not his own—be cared for, in the offers!

What could she do, that gentleman without friends or fortune, or the means of earning her own subsistence. What could she do but look at her child, hold out both her hands to that strange old man, and burst into tears of gratitude and shame, and sorrow, all mixed up together, as she faltered out, 'Yes,' and took her fate from his hands. She understood the truth of his feelings, and was herself too true to assume a false dignity which would have been less dignified than the acceptance of his generosity. She thanked him by her tears, and kissed his withered hand; and that touch bound old Joe Mappin as her slave for life; the first, last, and only time that a woman's lips had ever touched him; and in this manner their lives had passed for the last fifteen years.

He took a beautiful little house for the widow and her child, and furnished it with every luxury and beauty possible. All that came in this way—dress, jewelry, furniture, ornaments—whatever it might be that was rare and expensive, he bought them. He lavished his money like water and thought nothing dear which would call forth a smile from the woman or a joyous expression from the child. Their pleasure

repaid him everything; it was his heaven, his life.

But the time was coming fast, now when poor old Joe Mappin, the broker, must face the boundary lines between time and eternity, and learn the great secret. When the winter had killed Margaret's flowers, had stripped her geraniums of their leaves and had frozen the songs of the birds, the old man and death stood face to face. His rheumatism and asthma had been very bad for a long while; and living in his niggard and neglected way had not given him the best chance of recovery. He knew he was dying, but he could not die in peace without looking once more on those two faces he loved so much—the only two he ever loved through the whole of his long life. They could not come to him, for they did not know his address nor even his surname.

He was only 'Joe' in the beautiful house in Regent's Park, and the servants thought he was 'Missus's queer old uncle—perhaps from Ingey or farren parts.' But if they could not come to him, he would go to them—and must—whatever the risk. He could not die happily—he believed he could not pass away at all—without seeing them once more.

Though the seal of death was rigidly set on his face, and the old man resolved to make this his last and perilous journey. He knew he should hasten the supreme moment, but it would be better even if he did, he said, sadly. He had done all he could do now; he had established the dear ones, and his death would not deprive them now of a father or a single comfort. He had saved enough; let him die! He sent for a neighbor to dress him for the last time, in his decent clothes; and when this was done—between fainting and long fits of pain—he told her to go for a cab, and bargain with the man for his fare up to Regent's Park. Because he was old and weak, he wouldn't be done even by the biggest ruffian among them, he growled out. When the woman left the room, old Joe dragged himself as best he could to a small front safe he had let into the wall with his own hand. No one knew 'T' was there, not even the landlord, nor those prying eyes of little Teddy. He unlocked it, and took out a roll of bank notes, railway scrip, and mortgage bonds, and tied them all in a cotton handkerchief, together with a parchment tied with red tape sealed with a big seal, and endorsed 'Joe Mappin's will' in his own hand writing. He had the bundle under his greasy old cloak; and then the woman came back, and found him panting and pale, and she screamed out that he was dying. But he swore at her between gasps, and told her to hold her noise and to help him down stairs at last, and so was put into the cab.

He gave the man his directions in an under tone, jealously guarding the name from the crowd standing curiously about. As he left his old neighborhood, with all its associations of the pitilessness and sorrow which he had been the instrument, and the heartless cause, a change seemed to come over him. The maslin face gradually grew more softened and humanized. He was passing from the world of men and mammon, into that of love, and the evil influences of his material life faded before the purification of this great baptism.

The journey—it was a long one for a dying man—tired him sadly. He did not care though for the pain it caused him; his only fear was he should die before he reached his home—the home of his spirit, of his better and purer life, but he survived it—in a state of suffering and prostration; and only just survived it; for when carried by the cabman in his arms as if he had been a child, he was brought to the presence of those loved ones, all that his falling life left him power to do, was to place the package in the widow's lap, and murmured faintly, 'It is all yours,' and to die with her tears falling softly on his face.

A Military Hero.

The following amusing paragraph, concerning his own and General Cass's military exploits, occurs in one of Mr. Lincoln's speeches in Congress in 1848:

'By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know that I was a military hero! Yes, sir; in the days of the Black War, I fought, bled, and came away. Speaking of General Cass's career reminds me of my own. I was not at Sullivan's defeat, but was about as near it as Cass was to Hull's surrender, and, like him, I saw the place soon after. It is quite certain that I did not break my sword for I had none to break; but I bent my musket pretty badly on one occasion. If General Cass broke his sword, the idea is, he broke it in desperation. If General Cass was in advance of me in picking up whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in the charges upon wild onions. If he saw any live fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody struggles with the musket, and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I certainly can say "I was often very hungry."

COAL AND PEARLS IN KANSAS.—'It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.' The drought in Kansas illustrates this old saw. R. F. Wadsworth writes from Clinton, Douglas county, to his brother in Erie county, Ohio, that the drying up of the bed of a creek discovered a valuable coal bank on his farm, and that his family had gathered 400 pearls, and claims enough on the bank for 300 more! They averaged over a pearl to eight claims; most of them are small, some very brilliant, some giving out rainbow hues, others of a brownish color. Two sent to a Saundusky jeweler are pronounced genuine and valuable.

HARD TO SURE.—Scene in a news depot—Customer.—What sort of papers do you sell here?

Boy (with eager expectation)—O, we keep all sorts. Call for whatever you like.

Customer (coolly)—I'll take one containing some late Union victories, if you please.

Boy (crestfallen)—There you've got me!

What are We Voting for?

Only one week now remains, before the choice of a President of the United States for the next four years is to be determined. It is very certain that only one of the four candidates before the people has any chance of being elected by the people. That candidate is Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. Yet that is one of the least weighty reasons in favor of voting for Lincoln. The more cogent arguments in his favor are the following:

1st. He represents, one of the all four candidates in nomination, the honest, straightforward principle of the restriction of slavery to its present limits, thereby avoiding the many old dangers and disturbances which experience shows as would ensue upon expansion.

2d. He represents the policy of an immediate and beneficial Homestead Law, giving to free labor the possession of that vast landed domain which has heretofore been the prey of speculators and monopolists.

3d. He represents the principles of those who are honestly and unwavering in favor of preserving the Union of the States, the separate rights of the States, and the liberties of the people whether in States or Territories.

4th. He represents the doctrine of full protection to the rights of citizens, native or naturalized, at home or abroad; and is committed against any abridgement or impairing of the rights of citizens of foreign birth.

5th. He represents the doctrine of strict economy and accountability in all departments of the administration; and his private character, as a man of rare industry, business ability, and independence, is a guarantee that he would hold all public servants to a rigid discharge of their respective duties.

6th. He is an honest man, against whose integrity, candor, and determined discharge of duty, no shadow of impeachment can be brought.

Voters of all shades of opinion, are these qualifications worthy of your respect or not? Are the principles which Mr. Lincoln represents adapted to give force to the will of the majority, and give peace and security to the country or not? Does he fairly represent the interests of free labor—which is the interest of more than three-fourths of the people of the United States—or not? Can you find any other candidate who represents more truly the great popular interests of the nation, than he does? Is there any other candidate who more truly reflects the advanced spirit of the age, in connection with a wise and edacious regard for public order? Would not the vested rights of all classes be secure under a government whose policy was shaped by his hands? Is there any other candidate whose character affords a warrant for believing that he would administer the government more honestly, economically, or impartially than Mr. Lincoln? Would your votes, thrown for a candidate who cannot by any possibility be chosen by the popular suffrage, tell as efficiently for the true interests of yourselves and of the nation of which you form a part, as if thrown for Mr. Lincoln? Is it better for the welfare of the nation that there should be a hap hazard ebullition, and unprincipled struggle in Congress over the election of a President, than that he should be chosen now by the people? Could the peaceably organized administration of Mr. Lincoln, carrying the government right on its constitutional channels, possibly be worse for any part of the nation, than the fierce warfare and distraction which would flow from Congress out among in the event of leaving the Presidency to be gambled for or quarreled over by the House of Representatives?

These are important questions, which every man should heedfully consider, before making up his mind to vote for Bell, Breckenridge or Douglas.

The Right Spirit—Keep at Work.

We are glad to observe in our Republican exchanges and correspondence that the friends of Lincoln and Hamlin in Ohio, do not intend to slacken their efforts to swell the Republican vote, until the final battle is fought in November. The brilliant victories of last Tuesday, so far from alluring them to a cessation of labor, have increased their ardor. These victories have added fuel to their camp-fires, which before were burning brightly—but which, from now until after the Presidential election, will burn brighter than ever. From all quarters we receive assurances that our friends will do better for Lincoln than they did for our State ticket. We have no doubt that these promises will generally be redeemed. But there may be localities in which Republicans may be tempted to rest upon their laurels; and in regarding our victory as certain, to cease their vigilance and to discontinue active and systematic exertions in behalf of our ticket. If there be any such localities, we beg our friends there to bestir themselves, and to have care that their confidence does not cheat them out of votes that might be secured with proper effort. Keep up your organizations! Keep at work! Canvass your counties thoroughly by townships and school districts. See that your local committees are on the alert. Now is the time to improve our late victory. The harvest awaits the sickle! Only one week yet remains of the Presidential canvass. During that time every County and Township committee, and every earnest Republican in the State, should labor without ceasing to swell the Republican majority of Ohio to at least forty thousand. Pennsylvania will give over fifty thousand. Our friends in New York promise us from eighty to one hundred thousand; and Indiana is crowding close upon our heels. Ohio must not fall behind, in the generous race. She led the van in 1856, and she ought not to fall in the rear in 1860.

If the Republicans of Ohio will it, they can give Lincoln from 40,000 to 50,000 majority in November! Shall it be done? State Journal.

The Saundusky Kidnapping Case—Most Brutal Outrages.

The Register of the 16th gives some further particulars of the infamous kidnapping of two families near that city by Deputy U. S. Marshal Manson of Cincinnati, aided by Conductor Sherman of the Saundusky, Dayton and Cincinnati Railroad. The persons stolen were as follows: Henry Burns, wife and one child. It is claimed that the woman is free. Thomas Marshall, wife and one child. The children were each about six months old, and were born in Ohio. The Register says:

They first came here in December last, as we are told, and sometime during the winter, rented 30 acres of wild land for five years, put up cabins, and moved on it in March last. In the spring they cleared seven acres and put out crops, and the cultivated land is now covered with a fine crop of corn, &c., sufficient for their winter's supply.

Several of our citizens have visited the place, and they report that everything looks as though they had been industrious and were very comfortably situated. There are other negro cabins in the neighborhood—none close by—and no whites living near. The colored man who heard Mrs. Burns crying as she was being dragged over the fence, and who shot at the kidnapper, was probably the first one of the neighbors aroused, and the first to give the alarm.

ONE OF THE PARTY NOT RETURNED BEFORE MR. NEWELL.

Two gentlemen from this city, who were passing, on Sunday morning, through the field where the captives were taken, discovered a sheet lying partly concealed in a shock of corn. Upon further examination they found a little child of 2½ years partly wrapped in the sheet. It looked up with a pitiful, wild look, but was too much exhausted to cry, it having been exposed three two nights and one day, covered with nothing but a thin cotton sheet. It was cold and swollen, and looked as though it had nearly cried itself to death. It was among her people; and, yesterday, in Missouri was that with such a vast territory and such great resources, there was so little of population, improvement and strength to be found. I ought not perhaps, to talk these things to you, I should have begun at the other end of the story, though a citizen of any other State has as much liberty here as the citizens of Missouri; but he has less liberty than I like. I want more than you have; I want to speak what I think, instead of what a Missourian thinks. I think you are in a fair way of shaming your Government into an enlightened position. You are in the way of being Germanized into it. I would much rather you had got into it by being Americanized instead of Germanized; but it is better to come to it through that way than not to come to it at all. It was though the Germans Germanizing Great Britain that the Magna Charta was obtained, and that great charter of English liberty came to be the charter of the liberties of the sons of England throughout the whole world. Whatever lies in my power to do to bring into successful and practical operation the great principle that this Government is for free men, and not for slaves or slaveholders, and that this country is to be the home of the exile from every land, I shall do as you are going to, by supporting Abraham Lincoln for President and Hannibal Hamlin for Vice President.

What say you mothers! of that "institution" which makes such things possible, and allows them under cover of law! There is much feeling here in regard to the course taken by conductor Sherman and much speculation as to what should have been done by him. He should perhaps be regarded as innocent until proved guilty; but the case is such and the feeling such, that some public explanation on his part is expected and would seem proper.

Pulpit Wit.

In Pennsylvania there is a clergyman almost as remarkable for eloquence and eccentricity as Lorenzo Dow himself. On certain occasions his pathos, wit, and sometimes bitter satire, are sure to win more good coin and bank notes to the State than the decorous eloquence of half a dozen men.

On a late occasion he was preaching a temperance sermon, which produced unusual effect upon the audience. Among other things he asserted as a result of his own observation that a confessedly "moderate drinker" was sure to become a confirmed inebriate within five years after he reached that state of indulgence.

He was interrupted here by a man in the audience, who started up in a great excitement proclaiming himself a "moderate drinker" of ten years' standing, and one on whom the habit made no progress.

The clergyman stopped short, leaned over the pulpit, and when the man had ceased speaking called out:

"I say friend, stand up here and let me have a look at you."

The man made an effort to brave the host of eyes that were turned upon him, and stood his ground.

"Now, man," cried the minister, beckoning with his long finger. "Hold light up to the brother's face, some of you—Step up on the bench, and give us a good look."

The moderate drinker was not only mounted on the bench but also allowed a lamp to be held close to his face.

The minister bent over his cushion and gave the face a long survey.

"That will do," said he, drawing back, "that will do, my friend; and now I say, if I owed the devil a debt of a hundred drunks, and had paid him ninety-nine, and he wouldn't take you in full payment at the end of five years, I would never pay him."

"MALE CRIMINOLOGY."—Describing the immense preparations made by both sexes of the invited to the Renfrew ball in New York, the Herald says in regard to the gentlemen's costume:

The most costly cloths have been imported for the occasion, and those who considered forty or fifty dollars enough for a ball suit have reached the amount of seventy and eighty dollars; not to speak of the other items, including embroidered shirt bosoms, and extraordinary as it may appear, crinolined chest breasts; for after all the ridicule which has been heaped upon this commodious, expansive, light, airy, elegant and indispensable article of female attire, the gentlemen have literally taken the crinoline to their bosoms. They are formed of steel ribs, and are fastened round the body by means of hooks and eyes—another innovation against which the ladies have every right to exclaim. The object of this crinoline arrangement it is almost unnecessary to say, is to prevent that most disagreeable of all things, a collapse of the shirt breast—a casualty which is not by any means unfrequent in the ball room, for the prevention of which the gentlemen are primarily indebted to that much abused article to which we have alluded.

Porter's Spirit of the Times has account of a dreadful old fellow, who would rather tell a lie on six month's credit than tell the truth for cash.

Mr. Seward Gives Missouri a Little Plain Talk.

Mr. Seward makes the following remarks from the balcony of Barnum's Hotel, on the occasion of his recent visit to that city. "He said that he had not come to see St. Louis or the people of Missouri, but to see Kansas which was entitled to his gratitude and respect. Missouri could take care of herself; she did not care for Republican principles, but warred with them altogether. If forty years ago Missouri had chosen to be a Free State, she would now have four millions of people instead of one million. He was a plain spoken man, and was here talking treason in the streets of St. Louis. He could not talk anything else if he talked as an honest man, but he found himself out of place here. Here said he, are the people of Missouri, who ask me to make a speech, and at the same time there are laws as to what kind of a speech I may make. The first duty that you owe to your city, and yourselves is to repeal and abrogate every law on your statute book that prohibits a man from saying what his honest judgement and sentiment and heart tell him is the truth. [Mingled surprise and approbation on the part of the crowd.] Though I say those things about the State of Missouri, I have no hard sentiments about it or St. Louis, for I have great faith and hope—may, absolute trust—in Providence. What Missouri wants is courage, resolution, spirit, manhood—not consenting to take only that privilege of speech that slave holders allow, but insisting on complete freedom of speech. But I have full trust that it will come all right in the end—that in ten years you will double your population, and that in fifteen or twenty years you will have four millions of people. To secure that, you have but to let every man who comes here, from whatever State or nation, speak out what he believes will promote the interests of mankind."

What surprised me in Kansas was to see the vast improvement made there within six years, with so little wealth or strength among her people; and what surprised me in Missouri was that, with such a vast territory and such great resources, there was so little of population, improvement and strength to be found. I ought not perhaps, to talk these things to you, I should have begun at the other end of the story, though a citizen of any other State has as much liberty here as the citizens of Missouri; but he has less liberty than I like. I want more than you have; I want to speak what I think, instead of what a Missourian thinks. I think you are in a fair way of shaming your Government into an enlightened position. You are in the way of being Germanized into it. I would much rather you had got into it by being Americanized instead of Germanized; but it is better to come to it through that way than not to come to it at all. It was though the Germans Germanizing Great Britain that the Magna Charta was obtained, and that great charter of English liberty came to be the charter of the liberties of the sons of England throughout the whole world. Whatever lies in my power to do to bring into successful and practical operation the great principle that this Government is for free men, and not for slaves or slaveholders, and that this country is to be the home of the exile from every land, I shall do as you are going to, by supporting Abraham Lincoln for President and Hannibal Hamlin for Vice President.

Brigham Young's Latest Arow-ai.

Brigham Young has again entertained the "Saints" with a characteristic speech, wherein he took occasion to set at rest numerous slender arguments which have been in circulation. The Prophet is represented to be personally in the happiest condition of mind and body; filled with faith in the "Church" and himself, and indisposed to yield a whit of pretensions. We quote from the Desert News:

"You have read that I have an agent in China to mix poison with the tea, to kill all the nations; that I was at the head of the Vigilance Committee in California; that I managed the troubles in Kansas, from the beginning to the end; and that there is not a liquor shop or distillery but what Brigham Young dedicates it; so state the newspapers. In these and all other accusations of evil doing, I defy them to produce the first show of evidence against me. It is also asserted that President Buchanan and myself concocted a plan for the army to come here, with a view to make money. By-and-by the poor wretches will come bedding and say, 'I wish I was a Mormon!'

"All the armies with its teamsters, hangers on and followers, with the Judges and nearly all the civil officers, amounting to some seventeen thousand men, have been searching diligently for three years to bring one act to light that would criminate me; but they have not been able to trace out one thread of one particle of evidence that would criminate me. Do you know why? Because I walk humble with my God and do right so far as I know how. I do no evil to any one, and as I can have faith in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to hinder the wolves from tearing the sheep and devouring them, without putting forth my hand, I shall do so.

"I can say honestly and truly, before God and the holy Angels, and all men, that not one act of murder or disorder has occurred in this city or Territory that I had any knowledge of, any more than a babe a week old, until the event has transpired; that is the reason they cannot trace any crime to me. If I have faith enough to cause the devils to eat up the devils, like the Milkenny cats, I shall certainly exercise it. Joseph Smith said they would eat each other up, as did those cats. They will do so here and throughout the world. The nations will consume each other, and the Lord will suffer them to bring it about. It does not require much talent or tact to get up opposition in these days; you see it rife in communities, in meetings, in neighborhoods, and in cities; that is the knife that will cut down the Government. The ax laid at the root of the tree, and every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit will be hewn down."